

Fifty Cents the Year---Nine Numbers

# The Forestonian

Vol. II Mount Vernon, Wash. No. 9

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## CLASS SONG

By Edith Boomer

Music by Edna G. Hollenbeck

As back thru mem'ry's fragrant bowers we roam,  
And view our school days here,  
We see but pleasures sweet, dear Forest Home,  
E'en tho there falls a tear.

Chorus--

Tho Duty calls us far afield,  
Yet oft our hearts will fain return,  
To dwell on thots thy joys did yield  
Or useful lessons hard and stern.

No bounties are bestowed on thy domain,  
But we rejoice with thee;  
No ills befall or cares disturb thy reign,  
But love gives sympathy.

In accents tender, tremulous, and true,  
Thy praise we'll gladly tell;  
And since our work begins elsewhere anew,  
We bid a fond farewell.

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Mount Vernon,

Washington





CLASS OF 1914

# The Forestonian

Vol. II

MAY, 1914

No. 9

## PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

By Miss Ruth La Porte

**T**HROUGHOUT our past years at Forest Home we have welcomed your familiar faces with childlike pleasure; and to-night, at this last opportunity to greet you, we extend to you a hearty welcome. We do not desire this to be a formal greeting as one which is often brot on by custom: but we have learned to love you, and because of this love we welcome you to-night.

You who are here to-night have encouraged us in our efforts to attain this place. You have seen our sorrows and our triumphs over each small victory won. You have seen us strive in the vigor and ardor of youth to accomplish some small problem of our school life. As we struggled and battled to keep above the sea of discouragements, you kept a watchful eye, ready to offer some little word which would stimulate us on; until now as indicated by our motto, the journey has been half achieved. In God's great work we can complete various branches and cover numerous outlined courses; but from His unlimited school of wonders there are no diplomas granted. Thus our motto, "We have climbed the hills, the mountains are beyond," may serve us thru eternity.

It has taken courage to climb the hills; but it will mean courage, purpose, determination, and that we put our life and soul into good honest work, to conquer the

mountains which now tower above us. But the cause of God is calling and requiring men and women who are willing to do their best. This world is over-run with people who do their work fair. Business men cry for professionals. God's work is far more important than the world's; therefore what does God require of His laborers?

Courage is the backbone of true success, but there is a courage which leads men to enter great battles, risk their lives to save their country, face the canon of an enraged enemy; and there is a different courage which causes a man to stand alone with all the world against him, for the sake of Jesus Christ. It is the courage of the soul which inspires a man or woman to leave home, friends and loved ones, and sail to some far distant land; there to encounter hardships, perplexities, discouragements and even death for the love of Christ and the souls of men. One courage is inspired by a general, riding at the head of the army, literally visible to all his soldiers. The other is a courage implanted by faith in a humble yet willing soul who sees not his leader; but with child-like trust knows that the army of a living God will fight his battles.

The courage which is manifested in the common walks of life is the courage to be sought. We cannot all be a Napoleon or a Caesar, for some must do the little things of life; but we can all do what comes to us with true worth and courage. What courage can be more admirable than that of true and noble parents putting their life blood into educating their children to hold responsibilities? It takes courage to keep poverty from the door



and sacrifice for others, altho the love that inspires the labor is a parent's love. But what a feeling of joy and satisfaction fills the soul when the children prove worthy! We cannot, with words, thank our parents for their many sacrifices and expressions of love they have shown us; but we are determined to live lives which will never cause them to regret their efforts.

As we have climb dthe hills the way has not always been smooth and easy. Failures have stared gravely upon us until we realize that it is not a mistake to fail; but it is a step down the hills to stop to meditate upon past mistakes. It is t'ie person who does not know when he is beaten who lives above failures. If one does his work well he will not encounter failures, for things which are done well are a success.

Without courage we cannot make determinations, and after they have been made we must have courage to live them out. Life in it's every-day colors, places such magnified obstacles before us that without warning we would be hurled into the bepths of discouragement. Myriads of difficulties, which appear as trifles to the backward glance, have been in our pathway to cause us to stumble.

The mountains are beyond. The mountains of life must be conquered. In our childhood days we did not recognize the little moles of difficulty or understand that they should be conquered; but in our youth we have met the hills and realized the battle. Those of you with experience in the mountains of life realize what we will meet as we leave this school and come face to face with

the bold peaks. We have completed a course it is true; but the question in each of our minds has been where and how to attack the mountains. Our school life has brot its blessings and its lessons. Among the lessons we have learned is that the best guide in hill climbing is Jesus, and we believe He will prove as constant and true in mountain climbing. We have but to trust Him and place our hand in His while He leads us on to heights of joy and peace in self-sacrifice.

It is not the desire of this class to gain worldly fame, pomp, or glory; for if so we would have chosen a school for our preparation where worldly ambitions and selfish aims would have been imbedded in our hearts. By making our choice we have not selected the smooth road to ascend the mountains, but rather we have before us a rock-strewn path where Satan will put forth his most subtle temptations. It will mean a life of service to fellow-men. But ah! how great the reward! How small the sacrifices will seem when placed beside the Saviour's, and beside His o'er-flowing love. Some of us may not have the opportunity on this earth to gain all th education we desire; but if our part of life's Great Mountain Climb has been accomplished we may study thruout eternity without the hindrances and limitations which are now placed upon educational pursuits.





## CLASS HISTORY

By Lester G. Steck

ON October 17, 1896, in Rock Island, Ill., a little girl of a decided blond made her first appearance in this great world. Chiefest among her early recollections was the fact that she was American born. Her father was killed in a railroad accident, being a railroad man, when she was two years of age.

In her fourth year she entered a private kindergarten school. In 1901 she with her mother and brother came west to Seattle. The following year her real school life began in the Columbia School of that city. In 1906 her mother brot home to her and brother a new father. One of het supreme amusements as a child was that of playing circus with her friends. She seems to have been quite a performer, as the circus used to entertain the parents of the little company to a remarkable degree.

Had she not been endowed with nobler ideals when she came to Forest Home Academy in 1910, it is possible that she might have entered this field. The child readily became a Forestonian after she entered in September, 1910.

Miss La Porte has continued in years until she has become a young woman, and in her school work until tonight she is a senior.

It was on March the 30th, 1896, just as spring was beginning to don her new attire, that a little boy opened for the first time his eyes in Utica, Mo. Only the first year and a half of his life was spent in this state, when he

with his parents migrated to Keene, Texas.

It was here that his education began; he was a bright little fellow and not only learned his lessons fast but acquired the same speed forming friendships with children of his own age. But in 1902 he was severed from the companionship of his little playmates. His parents being teachers, the family was called to Fernando, Cal. Here for several years he pursued his already-begun school course. He then returned to Texas for a brief time, in which time nothing worthy of note transpired. He then spent two years on the plains of New Mexico. Then again he was located in California; this time in the Lodi Normal where he spent one year.

As his parents were to teach in British Columbia he accompanied them there. But he was an American by birth, and, desiring always to be under the stars and stripes he came to Forest Home to complete his Academic course.

Mr. Excell Giddings has quite a wide experience for a person of his age, having traveled considerably, and has lived in thirteen states and Canada. He is consequently an excellent conversationalist. He began his education in one of the most southern states and is finishing it in the most northern.

It was on the thirtieth of August, 1891, in Hoquiam, Washington, that a baby boy opened his eyes for the first time to a father, mother and two sisters. He was an active little chap, too active to grow very fast.

When he was only a year old his parents moved to Idaho; but it seemed to the parents that the Idaho country was not so conducive a place to live and raise the boy

as was the balmy sea breeze of Gray's Harbor. After a brief stay of two years the family returned to their old home where the boy's school life began. Having attended public school for a few years and church school for a short period, he came to Forest Home in 1907 and here has remained seven years. He always took a live interest in the activities of the school, such as Literary and Young People's society.

Mr. Wilcox was unanimously elected president of the senior class; but his father became suddenly ill, and he was called home, and consequently, to the disappointment of his class, was obliged to resign, tho his father sufficiently recovered so that he was able to return and finish with the class.

The day was dark and dreary; the long cold winter was just well begun, when, on Nov. 20, 1892, there came to a home near Wheelock, Minnesota, that which made the winter days pass without monotony---an infant girl. She soon learned to be quite active, enjoying outdoor sports as well as some boys---but seldom with them.

She began her school life in one of those little red school houses near her father's farm. At the age of ten her permanent home, with that of her parents, became Staples, Minnesota. Here she continued her school work until she could look back upon her freshman year of high school; then while yet only sixteen years of age she launched forth as a school teacher. Having taught one year in Minnesota she, with her parents, came West to Washington. After teaching another year of public school.

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## ORATION: ESSENTIALS TO SUCCESS

By Lyle C. Wilcox

**T**HERE is a true and a false success, but the essentials to both are practically the same---they differ only in motive,---but when achieved they are as different as right and wrong. We scorn to call that man a success who has lived for self alone, and has accomplished nothing of true worth, even tho he has ammassed great wealth. Riches, indeed, is no measure of greatness, for true greatness lives in the heart, not in the bank book. The one who has lived a life of self-denial for the benefit of friend or foe, whose only aim in life has been to lift up the fallen and help those in need, has attained to true success. Yet, I say, the essentials are the same.

The corner stone in the foundation of true success is principle,---p inciple, that sterling quality in a man that makes him the eternal enemy of all who love dishonesty, injustice, and under-handed work; and the firm friend of all who love right, truth, honor, and justice. The counterfeit for principle is policy. The young person who presumes to put policy in the place of principle builds upon a crumbling foundation, and soon or late his work will come to naught. Policy can love or hate, be honest or dishonest, just or unjust, honorable or dishonorable, which ever will serve his vile purpose best; but principle is always honest, just, and honorable no matter what the cost may be. It was for principle that Huss and Jerome went to the stake; it was for principle that fifty million martyrs gave up their lives during the dark ages. And to-day they are honored in noble minds because they

had the strength to stand for what they knew to be right even at the sacrifice of their lives. Truly the young person who has learned to act from principle has taken a great stride toward the goal of success. He is the one who holds the respect and confidence of his associates.

It has been said that ambition rules the world. I believe this is true. If it were not the world would not be ruled. Ambition is a very essential part of success tho it may be greatly abused. In order to succeed one must be ambitious to be proficient in his line of work, he must be ambitious to become the very best. I believe in ambition. I hold that there is no chance in life for the young person who is not ambitious. But there is a great danger in ambition, and one must see to it that his ambition does not become a selfish one. If it does, it would be better for that one if he never had had a spark of ambition. Closely associated with ambition is enthusiasm; that which will not let ambition slumber.

There is as much chance in the world of success for the idiot as for the lazy person. Work, and the love of work, is an absolute essential of success. It matters little how much natural ability one may possess, for unless he is willing to work and put forth strenuous efforts to develop these abilities, they will amount to nothing; and that life which otherwise might have been brilliant and useful, is never known. "Genius will falter by the side of labor." A certain writer has said, "Genius unexerted is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks." There are many people gifted with great talent, who would like to be a Milton, Shakspear, Tennyson,



or a Byron, but they are unwilling to put forth the effort it would cost. There are lots of people who would be a Solomon if they could "go to bed a dunce and wake up a Solomon"; but as it would cost years of hard work to become a Solomon, they prefer to remain a dunce. Success does not happen; it is obtained by organized, diligent, and hard work. The lazy person is an idle person, an idle person has an idle mind, and "an idle mind is the devil's work-shop," and the work turned out of such a shop comes far from being valuable. The active person has an active brain, and the active brain is the one of power.

Well directed physical labor accomplishes the most work; so well directed purposes achieve the greatest success. Some one has said, "It is better to say, this one thing I do, than to say, these forty things I dabble in." To have a purpose is of great importance, but constancy of purpose is of inestimable value. Most people have a purpose, but so often that purpose is only for the day, and with every new day comes a new purpose. So few have one purpose in life. It is a common thing, yet sad to see a young person change from one thing to another every time a little opposition presents itself. Why, it is meeting with opposition that gives us more power of resistance.

Napoleon purposed to become the head of all European powers, and he met with severe opposition. You remember he was defeated at the battle of Leipzig and soon after was banished to an island. Most people under such circumstances would feel that fate was against them, and would settle down in despair and say, "There

## ESSAY: THE JOY OF LIVING

By Miss Edith Boomer

"Life is real, and life is earnest;" and it is, moreover, the most wonderfully complex problem that mortals have to solve. To unravel the twisted threads of its perplexities, to fathom the unknown depths of its richness requires more than the diplomacy of a statesman, more than the skill of an artisan, more than the delicacy of a virtuoso's touch: it demands the aid of Divinity. Life's puzzle must be met by all; the rich cannot barter their wealth for its solution, and the poor have no alternative from facing it. Truly there are difficult situations and intricate knots but along with these are its sublime pleasures within the reach of every human being. Yet how very few find the real joy of living! The majority perceive only existence as the years pass over them; and each, going by, seems to leave added trouble.

And still, who honestly prefers oblivion to life, however wretched and miserable it may be? There is within man a force that impells him to seek the high, the holy, the noble; but too often the degrading influence of sordid thoughts, implanted in the soul, leaven the words and actions and finally the character, destroying the seed of pure aspirations. Never-the-less, whatever the condition of the individual, whether untainted by the germ of fermentation or stupefied by its dreadful power, he still clings tenaciously to life. Why then should not our three score and ten years be improved, and each hurrying moment be filled with that which will bring comfort to someone else and peace to our own hearts?

Be an optimist. There is no pleasure or happiness in anticipating misfortunes and calamities, or in dwelling upon the unpleasant side of every subject. The eye of the pessimist continually follows the darkest spot on the cloud, while his more cheerful neighbor hopefully looks to the edge and catches a glimpse of the blue sky beyond. One thinks he is the most dejected person on earth, the other knows he is the happiest; one mournfully predicts disaster for the morrow, the other rejoices that he is alive to-day; one hears the discord of the world above its harmony, the other is in tune with the universe.

You may dwell on the housetop of sunshine or live in the dungeon of gloom. You may see life as thru a smoked glass, where even over the grace of beauty the dark mask of Delusion is thrown, obscuring the splendor of the fairest objects. Did its evil influences stop with the visual perception the final effect would not be so damaging; but it permeates the mind; and insiduously, dili-

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## ESSAY: THE MIND

By H. Excell Giddings

As we study the mind, in its wonder and complexity, with no hasty perusal, we recognize the master work of our Creator.

To-day, in the midst of sin and difficulties thrown in our path by our arch enemy, we see the wonderful development and accomplishments of the mind---the all important organ of our being.

In the first position, the Creator put in the body of

one of his creatures the superior mind of intelligence, and pronounced this being of his creation the "ruler" over the rest of the extensive but complete creation work.

In process of time the masterful free agent of choice fell from his Edonic beauty to the remorseful state of sin and shame. This was eventually the first degree of downfall of the henceforth deteriorating mind of man.

The powers of this fallen intelligence now began to be exerted in an effort to overcome the fate that was the effect of a careless thought and act. Hard work was inevitable, as the very elements of nature turned against the wellfare of mankind. The soil which had hitherto abounded in the abundance of food, without extra exertion on the part of the keeper, now repelled the advance of the ordinary growth of nature.

Instead of natural indurance, there was an indomitable decadence in the production of nature. This grew worse, as it were, and invariably commanded the exertion of the mind and body of man to meet and conquer the repellant forces of nature.

But look now at the stature of man. The ages not far past speak of a superior height and corresponding strength. But go then to an age where ordinary men would appear giant-like to us and consider the giant of that generation.

Some may remark that the intelligence, resultant of the last century's awakening is far superior to that of any previous time, and in some particular way it may be, but let me ask the question---how many insane asylums did the builders of the pyramids have, or how many poor houses

etc.? And tell me too where originated the forethought of the knowledge of to-day.

However this may be, look at the mind and its accomplishments, obtained in the face of degeneracy and downfall. It is alone a commendable thing to be able to take care of the condition that now exists in the degree in which it is cared for, but this is not the most important thing, as there is an appearance, in one way, of progress and, in another consideration of things as a whole, we see the fast decline because of the lack of the principles held by the stern and more capable minds of former days.

Right here, then, the fact is presented that our surrounding conditions forewarn a critical time, and so it is for, with a free consideration of every man, we see it means a coming crisis for every class of people now in existence.

The original mind in all its power of adaptability and conservative resources, being of divine production, is the one faculty of mankind that is deservant of the praise and admiration that is so often conferred upon the less appropriate and far inferior capabilities of man. As a famous artist's efforts culminate in a success which practically immortalizes him---in such a way Christ in finishing his creation work crowned the last being of creation, as it were, with the wonderful free moral mind.

We then infer that it is our privilege and duty to suppress all influences that manifest a tendency to further the decline of our mental powers; and rise, by a thoro training of the mind wisely assisted by the system of education, to the place where we may instruct others by teaching or by example.



This purpose, if firmly maintained by a few, will advance the condition of the world to such a degree that our Creator, whom we must confess to be the supreme being of the universe, will reward us, not with laurels nor earthly trophies, but with success, which is our aim, and a portion of former wisdom and power of intellect that will bring us nearer to the original condition of the human race, and finally endow us with more than earthly pleasure of existence, because of the perfected condition of the mind of man.

## CLASS POEM

By Marie L. Young

Diverse events have come and gone  
    Since years ago to-night,  
We stood upon the plain below  
    And coveted this height  
Which loomed so grand thru twelve long years---  
    Thru varied shades and light.  
'Tis but a common ridge of hills.  
    Beyond them mountains lie;  
But to our childhood's eager gaze  
    No level seemed so high,  
And far beyond thru endless space  
    Stretched back the boundless sky.

.....

The path at first did not seem rough.  
    Viewed from the Gates of Day.  
God in His mercy veiled the rocks;

And many a golden ray  
Across the weary path He cast,  
Lest we hopeless turn away.  
As we advanced the upward way  
Our clouded vision cleared,  
And here and there thruout our course  
The sterner side appeared.  
Sometimes the sky grew dark as night,  
And oft the bravest feared.

.....

But all the way was not o'er cast  
With shadows dark or night;  
For contrast but brings out the rays,  
Intensifies the light,  
And casts o'er all a halo  
Of rainbow colors bright.

.....

So now at last we've gained the place  
Which then appeared supreme,  
And far above we see the snow  
Upon the mountains gleam,  
And we dare hope to climb beyond  
Our childhood's wildest dream.

If by some chance or fortune  
We reach Fame's Temple Dome,  
We'll backward look with pleasure  
On days at Forest Home,  
Nor yet will we forget thee  
No matter where we roam.

## VALEDICTORY

By Miss Edna Hollenbeck

It seems but a few short days since we entered upon the work of this school year. Altho we have had many discouraging things to confront us, yet they sink into insignificance when we think of the many pleasant experiences we have passed thru. It is always hard work climbing the hills, but all this is forgotten when we occasionally pause to look at the beauty around us; and then what a joy we experience when we have reached the summit and in looking back see how the large rocks have faded into mere pebbles.

In looking back over this year's work we feel that we have much for which to be thankful. In our life hereafter, when trials are pressing close on every side, it will be a source of encouragement to remember our experiences as students of Forest Home Academy.

For some time before the close of school our work was made lighter by the thought that it would soon have been finished, and the days, yes even the hours were counted till the time when we should greet relatives and friends from whom we have been separated, yet with all this comes the sadness that we must say goodbye to teachers and fellow students whom we have learned to love, and sadder still the thought that some of us will never meet again on earth. Let us, then, all be faithful that we may soon meet in a brighter world than this.

Dear teachers, it is not easy to bid you farewell after having been associated with you for so long a time.

But altho we must part, we will think of you often, and your words of instruction shall shine forth to guide us on our way. We wish to thank you for the interest shown in us and it is our desire and determination, as a class, to be of some use in this world, that you may see that in us your work has not been in vain.

During these few months we have been together, dear schoolmates, our hearts have been wound with the cords of friendship and we would that we might ever enjoy your association, but now as we leave this our beloved school, and you are taking the place we once occupied, we hope you will spare no effort in making this, your school, a success. We have the assurance that this school has been planted here by the hand of God, and each student should be thankful that he has an opportunity of being at this place. The teachers may be ever so faithful with their work, but it is only thru the interest and co-operation of the students that the school can be what it really should be. We wish you success in all your undertakings, and may you grasp every opportunity which presents itself to you. It is very easy to let them slip past unnoticed, but remember that opportunities are the offers of God and that once they are gone they can never be recalled. Now, in behalf of my class, I bid you farewell, and may you place your standard high and press steadily onward.

We have been pleased to see so many of our friends here this evening, and we thank you for thus having shown so much interest in us. We hope we have made our little program interesting to you, and altho we must

now bid you farewell we shall ever think kindly of you and hope you will remember us among the many students that shall come and go at this place.

Fellow classmates, this to me is the saddest experience, that after the years we have spent together we must part; but may we long remember the instruction we have received here and strive day by day to build our lives with pure, noble and upright deeds so that in the end we may stand forth as a fair temple, honored by God and man. We have worked together for many days to reach the top of the hills, and let us never be satisfied till we have mounted to the summit of the mountains. No doubt the way will seem hard at times and we will be tempted to turn back, but let us ever keep hold of the strong hand of God and we are sure to succeed.

### CLASS HISTORY

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she decided to become a church-school teacher; accordingly she attended Summer Normal and taught a year at Connie, Washington; then desiring more education Miss Young entered Forest Home in 1912 and by spending much time on the study of her lessons, especially Latin, she finished the curriculum of the school and graduated May 24, 1914.

A father and mother in Astoria, Oregon were made glad on April 4th, 1896, by a little daughter coming to make her stay at their home. When the child was three and a half years old the family moved inland to Spokane, Washington. With only a brief stay here, her home was changed to Wenatchee. Three more milestones of her



life were left here, when her home was changed to Bellingham. A year of her school life was spent in Wenatchee, but she was not privileged to attend at Bellingham as there was no church school there. It was with joy that her home was again moved, this time to the sterling city of Tacoma. She attended school here for two years, one year at public school and one year at church school. With a very brief stay in Sedro-Woolley she, with joy, moved to Forest Home. Miss Bocmer has done some hard studying, finishing five years school work in four, and to-night she is a worthy member of the senior class.

The sixth of August, 1894, was a day long to be remembered in a home near the little city of Mount Vernon, Washington, for this was the day that a little daughter and sister began a life of usefulness. This child did not find as much sport in learning to walk as most children do, but when she finally did learn, she took great interest in it; until to-day walking is one of her favorite pastimes, and it is acknowledged that she is an excellent pedestrian. Her school life began with public school at Cokedale, Washington, where her parents were residing at her sixth year. In 1904 her parents moved to Forest Home and she entered the Academy at its first opening. Thus she is the last of the pioneers to leave her beloved institution. Miss Hollenbeck has seen Forest Home in its infancy and in all its stages of progress; she is truly the last of the veterans.

In Corydon, Iowa, near the close of the nineteenth century, a third member was added to a happy family. When about four years of age he with his parents moved

to New Mexico. Here he spent a decade of his life. It was in this southern clime that he began his school life, which at first he detested very much. And it often took more than words to convince him that he ought to continue.

It was with great satisfaction that his home was changed to Colorado. After a few years here the parents moved to Washington; this time, however, the boy did not accompany them; but continued school there, following them about fifteen months later.

In September, 1910, he enrolled at Forest Home Academy where he has remained ever since.

### ORATION: ESSENTIALS TO SUCCESS

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is no use trying any more." But not so with this man Napoleon. In a few months he was again at the head of his armies, having effected his escape, and with renewed vigor prosecuted his old enterprise. There are so many young people who have not learned how to meet obstacles, and by being overcome they become weak and infirm in resolution, and easily discouraged. They lack the power of stick-to-it-iveness. The world has no confidence in such people, and they only call forth expressions of pity or disgust.

But now, on the other hand, the young person who has one purpose in life and will not be shaken from it, no matter how hard the "going", is sure of success. Constancy of purpose made Caesar the foremost Roman, made Alexander the conquer of the world, made Leonidas the hero of the battle of Thermopylae, and put Daniel next to the King in power. It was Christ's constant purpose to do His Father's will that gave Him power while

on earth. O that young people might learn the value of constancy of purpose!

Closely linked with constancy of purpose is perseverance. It isn't so much the brain power, but it is that everlasting plodding and staying qualities that count.

To be thoroly prepared for duty when the call for service comes is of the greatest importance. Some time in everyone's life there is a call to some position of service, and to many opportunity comes but once. Where many young people fail in their preparation for life's great work, is in side-stepping some duty that presents itself, or on'y ha'f doing it. Each time we fail of fairly and squarely meeting our duty, be it an unpleasant, or even small task, we weaken our preparation and lessen our chance of success.

Many have not learned that men are masters of their fates; but that is one lesson that all young people should learn. So often we are inclined to think we must be satisfied with whatever fate feels disposed to hand us. But if we will assert ourse'ves, and grapple with failures as we would with a bodily foe, if we will but be careful and thoro in our preparation for life's duties; never willing to give up one bit to discouragement, but be persistent and persevering in our endeavor, we are sure some day to achieve a final and enduring success.

I sincerely hope that all these essentials of success may be found in every member of the class of 1914. If we do not possess them, God pity us; but if we do you are sure to hear from us in this great work, in which God has given us a part.

## ESSAY: THE JOY OF LIVING

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gently roots out everything good, that it may reign supreme over the one who has invited its presence. As remotely separated as the mythological Stygian darkness and the Elysian fields of bliss are the two worlds left to your choice. You need not exert any effort to remain in one; but it will bring you gloom and melancholy, will give you an unenviable amount of egotism, and will keep you in friction with humanity. The choice is for you to make. Where will you dwell?

"Look for the beautiful." There is not a spot in all the world that does not contain some beauty, some feature of inspiration. The limitless, pathless wastes of the desert; the angry waters of the boundless ocean; the towering Alps; and the confusion of the jungle---all bequeath to man some pleasure and delight.

But above all look for the good in others. No human being lives that does not have some admirable quality. It is true that there is no joy like the joy of living, and no happiness like that derived from a heart so overflowing with cheer and sunshine that the gentle drops of blessing fall upon the exhausted and weary, thirsting for comfort and hope; but such joy and happiness can never be experienced while there lodges in the heart one thot of contempt or prejudice for a person because of his failings. All too soon the opportunity to help others and commend their good qualities may be gone. When your

pulse beats in unison with nature and the best in man, then, and only then, will you find the true joy of living.

If there is one successful counterfeit of a blessing to humanity it is the artificial, transient pleasure so often mistaken for true happiness: but it belongs to the man-made palaces, to the gilded halls of amusement seekers, to the glittering and gaudy frivolity of society; it belongs to the business world where everyone exerts his utmost energy in gaining advantages to which he looks back with greedy satisfaction. Some one has said, "Time wasted is existence, used is life." True living is not measured by the number of years we are allotted here upon earth, but by the use we make of them. Surely then, we cannot say that time is more wasted by the idlers than by those too busy to enjoy what they pass by.

True joy is not superficial, but natural, spontaneous and sincere; and the most admirable of all its qualities is its unselfishness. By giving we live. The soul imbued with the joy of living unconsciously radiates happiness. Tho sorrows come and in desperation and grief we wonder if we can ever again find pleasure, time always heals the wound; and, tho it leaves the scar, we know as well as Gray did that---

"Smiles on past Misfortune's brow

Soft Reflection's hand can trace;

And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw

A melancholy grace."

Man was made to enjoy what has been created; and why mourn for conditions that sin has brot, without trying to turn the gloom into cheerfulness, the darkness into light. O, there is so much to live for! Let us rejoice that our lot is no worse: let us be glad that the great world about us is yearning to give us real pleasure and happiness, and if we wish will prove an unerring teacher: and let us never forget to seek for the good and thereby learn that life is worth the living.



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